

THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL—SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1861.

Daily Appeal.

For the Memphis Appeal
ADIEU TO NICE.

Translated from the Italian of Macomino.

BY JO. ARISTOTLE SAVAGE.

This the time that made me love.

"Now I depart our home,

My eyes are full of pain.

When so far away from thee,

Pain will dwell upon my heart,

Never more will life be free,

But who knows if ever he

Will think of me?"

Sister and mother, train me,

With the last words of love,

The last press upon my cheek,

The deep embrace bid thee,

In thy every path be,

By thy side I always be,

With thine I go.

On the floor, for short space,

With each path and step implore—

My sister nymphs, where to go?

Day and night and day,

Will I ever leave thee,

All who know it even see,

Will think of me?"

Well beloved, I'll say the truth,

Where didst thou go?

On the press and not content,

Brother, the hand should be,

There, brother, I send you,

Never was there like me,

With think of me?"

Often will my fairest

Brother see me, See, where

Happily I live at all,

Devil in blue, belied, with this

On the moments of life,

What is there will be,

And who knows if ever he

Will think of me?"

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